





*THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME*  
perpetrated for APA-Filk #41 by Margaret Middleton  
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(501)666-8466; CompuServe 71525,1372

Nov. 28, 1988

Gadzooks, has it been that long? I guess so; the index on Wordstar lists the last apa that I had a contrib to as #37. How time flies when you're busy!

I've only got a few marginal notes for comments on #'s 39/40 so I'll get on with them and then go to new business.

Jersey Flats (39) I love "A Starship named Bob". Living as I do in proximity to C.J. Cherryh I get to hear the various Chanur songs frequently and this will be a useful squeetcher capper for the cycle. (40) The "Pousse Cafe" song is *unreal*. Therefore indubitably true fannish history.

Anakreon (39) John, are you sure you don't have your quotes backward on the pair of doggerels on page 3? "Let's not clap for..." is a much nearer fit to "Comin'Round the Mountain" than "Streptococci...", though neither is a really good fit...//Thanks for the mailing list. Several of the addresses I have for these folks are very old and the updates are appreciated. Also some of them I never had before. (40) So, I see the verse-count continues after all.

Filkers Do It Til Dawn (40) Welcome back, Harold. I'm ordering some of your tapes via Bob Laurent.

D.C. al Fine (40) I have obviously been out of the Fannish Midwest too long. I don't know Carol Poore, but she must be quite special if Bill likes her at least as much as his guitar.

#### NEW BUSINESS

I got to be fan/filk Guest of Honor at Soonercon over in Oklahoma City in October, and was able to travel (for a change) without the Organic Alarm Clock. Her daddy volunteered to stay home and play with her and let me get a bit of a vacation from the entropy. Tracy Rogalla rode over with me instead and we got caught up on several months worth of visiting.

Octavia Butler was the Writer GoH, Angela Bostick the Artist GoH, and M.S. (Melissa) Murdock was the Toastmistress. The concom had deliberately set up an all-female guest list, which has not happened all that frequently in my fannish experience. ROC\*KON did it back a few years, with C.J. Cherryh, Juanita Coulson, and MaryKay Jackson, but we didn't set out to pick from a purely female wish-list of guests; it just worked out that way.

It felt nice to be able to filk as late as I had the stamina for, and not have to worry about being coherent enough to make change at the dealers table the next morning (also a bit strange...I really prefer to settle behind the table during the day rather than drift around trolling for conversation). Other filkers present were Kip McMurray and George



Usdin of Wichita KS, C.J. Cherryh and Jane Fancher of OKC, Cat Pryde of Minneapolis(??-MN somewhere), Arlin Pound and Sherry Ashberger of Abilene KS, & Randy and Lisa Farran of Parsons KS (between Randy and Arlin there was half the room taken-up with leaning their multiplicitous instruments against chairs and walls), and a couple of new people whose names, alas, elude me. They were a lady from eastern Oklahoma somewhere and a young man from Waldron AR. They had been collaborating on some songs and were the first filkers I'd seen who sang to pre-taped accompaniments. Very good material and the guy has a good bass-baritone voice, which is a rare commodity in this part of the filkish universe. I hope they make it to ROC\*KON in April.

**Pause to Plug:** ROC\*KON 13 will be the weekend of April 28-30 at the Royale Vista Inn in Hot Springs, AR. Guests are George R.R. Martin, Robin Bailey (filkish), Lucy Synk (artist) and Rob Chilson. Registration will be \$15 by the time this apa gets distributed. Hotel rooms are \$32 for 1 or 2 bodies, \$5 per extra body. (eat your hearts out)

While on a panel at SoonerCon, I got roped and tied into defining "filk" and I resorted to the "Filk is what I'm pointing at when I say 'this is filk'" escape hatch. Coming home and for a couple of days thereafter, though, my subconscious kept chewing on the question and eventually spit out a roughdraft of a "filk typology" with instructions to bounce it off the apa for refinements if anybody cares.

#### **Alpha Filk**

lyrics from stories. music may be from the story, or from fannish sources (either original or "found")

e.g. "Green Hills of Earth" (Heinlein, short story of the same name), singable to quite a few tunes actually

"The Lad I Left Behind Me" (Poul Anderson: THE AVATAR), tune "The Girl I Left Behind Me", (p.d. trad)

#### **Beta Filk**

songs about stories. several subdivisions.

##### **Beta-1 balladizing a story**

e.g. "The Alderaan" (Juanita Coulson), tune "The Alamo" (Coulson, originally to a lyric by Martha Keller)

"Daddy's Little Girl" (Julia Ecklar)

##### **Beta 2 character-studies**

e.g. "Bones" (Leslie Fish)

"Skywise: A Wolfrider's Reflections" (Julia Ecklar)

##### **Beta 3 fanfiction in ballad-form**

e.g. "The Horsetamer's Daughter" (Leslie Fish)

"Banned from Argo" (Leslie Fish)

##### **Beta 4 completely original stories in ballad form**

e.g. "All Debts are Paid" (Jordin Kare)

"Fuel to Feed the Drive" (Cindy McQuillen)



*Gamma Filk* songs about fans, usually funny  
*Gamma-1* fannish history

e.g. "The Ballad of the Pousse Cafe" (Roberta Rogow), tune  
"Toast to Unsung Heroes" (L. Fish/Union Trad)

*Gamma-2* character studies

e.g. "The Ballad of Gordy Dickson" (Ben Bova), tune  
"Clementine"

*Delta Filk* modern life

*Delta-1* the space program

e.g. "Hope Eyrie" (Leslie Fish)  
"Ballad of Orbital Hubris" (Joe Haldeman), tune "The  
Titanic"

*Delta-2* other aspects of high-tech living (usually funny)

e.g. "Do It Yourself" (Bill Sutton)

*Tau Filk* adoptive filk. Kipling, Keller, Stan Rogers, "God Save  
the Queen". material unrelated topically to science fiction (possibly  
more nearly-so to fantasy due to legendary topics or imagery) but  
resonating emotionally

*Omega Filk* which cuts squarely across all the other categories,  
the parody or lampoon song, (not the same thing as discovering an  
existing tune which will fit lyrics from stories) . generally with  
humorous or malicious intent.

e.g. "A Starship Named Bob" (Roberta Rogow), tune "The Pride  
of Chanur" by Leslie Fish

As I said at the beginning, this is a rough draft. I tried to include  
a humorous and a serious example wherever possible in each category,  
but almost all of them are science-fiction related, not fantasy-  
related. This reflects my own reading-bias. I can see several  
categories which can be subdivided (some infinitely, which is a good  
argument for keeping them general) and I have probably left out some  
which other folks would consider major. Feedback is encouraged. This  
could turn into an article in a genzine someday.



ADDENDUM TO APAFILK #41

perpetrated for APA-Filk #42 #43 by Margaret Middleton  
\*\*new address\*\*

PO Box 45122, Little Rock, AR 72214  
(501)666-8466; CompuServe 71525,1372  
[Phone no. good thru about Labor Day.]

A TALE OF TWO APAS

I really did get my contrib to #41 in the mail in time for it to get to John B. in time for the collation. Unfortunately, I typo'd the street address and the package came back. (sound familiar, Mike?)

\*\*\*

Which is just as well, because I had put the contrib for my other apa in the envelope addressed to John.

\*\*\*

Unfortunately, I didn't look in the parcel which I re-addressed and re-send; I just stuck a post-it on the outside of the old envelope saying "save this for the next mailing, I know it won't get to you in time for the February one".

\*\*\*

Meanwhile, the OE of my other apa, knowing I sometimes did duplicate contribs, had stapled my APAFILK pages into that apa and sent them out.

\*\*\*

So here I am reading the other apa, and find my APAFILK pages in it....

\*\*\*

Phonecall to John B: *Did you get my package of pages that I had to re-send because I'd typo'd your address on the original mailing label?... You have?... Well, don't open it, just send it back cheapest; I sent you the pages for my other apa by mistake. Bill my postage account for the charges.*

\*\*\*

Phonecall to Sharon (the other OE): *I bet you wondered why there were so many extra copies... Send the remainder back cheapest so I can send them to John B. for the May collation of APAFILK. (Unfortunately, she moved during March, and as-of Memorial Day those extra pages of APAFILK have yet to surface. I will have to re-print-out that set of pages and re-run them, I guess, if I want to get them into #43)*



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May 29

First off news; it looks like we will be moving again at the end of this summer. Morris has changed jobs, from a Community Mental Health Center here in Little Rock to a CMHC in Conway, which is 30-odd miles away north-by-northwest. We had been considering moving out of the city when the current lease on this house ran out at the end of August, but now we have a real excuse. Where we have found is a place out in the country, with 4 acres, a barn, 2 ponds (including ducks), a quarter-acre garden, 1770 sq. ft. house, a 12'x24' workshop I can fill with fanac, and a chicken house which will be demolished as soon as I can physically manage it. I have been inviting all my co-workers and SF-club colleagues to the housewarming fishfry and chickenhouse-burning, date TBA. As I compose this (May 29) the loan is applied-for and the rest is in the hands of God and the Federal Housing Authority.

Filkishly, I went to the Tulsa club's annual filk party in March, which featured mostly southcentral filkers: Carolyn Cherry, Jane Fancher, Misty Lackey, Randy Farran, Mark Simmins, Me, a couple of new faces from the Tulsa club group who only just worked up the nerve to sing in public, and Ellen Guon, a visitor from California. She had been staying with Misty while collaborating on a story (novel?) which had been sent off to the publisher just the day before the party, I think. Yes, this is the same Ellen Guon you may have noticed in the O-C House Band.

When I told her I recognized her name from credits on tape-inserts, she flinched exaggeratedly and started to make warding-off signs, until I reassured her I was one of the folks who were still talking to Teri. *By the way, Mike, re: your mention in D.C. al Fine in Mailing 40; I would be interested to see a copy of that Firebird contract you described. That does not sound like the deal I got last summer just before the name-change. At that time Teri sent me a packet with "two flavors of contract: pink or blue". One version (I forget which color) offered to administer permissions licensing on all my filk in print, no matter where. The other version (which is the one I signed) only covered my works in print with Teri & Co. There were no requirements for options on future works.*

The filk party was held at the party-room of a local apartment complex, and began at the unfilkishly early hour of 7 p.m. Folks drifted in all evening as they got off work (if they had jobs requiring work on Saturday) and we wound up with a fairly sizable crowd. Because of the early start it also broke up early, around 11 p.m. I stayed overnight with Tom and Mary Wallbank, friends from the Tulsa club group and perennial concom members of OKon, the annual regional convention held there each July.

At the end of April came ROC\*KON, of which I am crazy enough to be co-chair. Robin Bailey was one of the guests, and he and I and Neil Raines from Waldron, AR were the core filkers. Neil has a unique filk style for this part of the country: he pre-tapes his instrumental



accompaniments (because, he claims, he can't play the piano and sing at the same time). Most of his songs are original collaborations with a lady from Ada, OK who I met at Soonercon (ref. the description of that filk in the material delayed from Mailing 41). He has one or two really good songs already and I faunche to get copies to learn them from.

My next two cons scheduled are DeepSouthCon in Memphis in about 2 weeks and the aforementioned OKon in mid-July. Since I am going to begin serious packing to move right after OKon I will have to wait til the Fall mailing to submit the reports on them.

No comments on material in Mailing 41.

Comments on Mailing 42:

Mark Blackman RAEBNC

John B. I recall the "Pigpen Mallomar" verse vaguely. Fairly decent extension. I also semi-recognize the "Universe Song". I have heard it somewhere but not often or recently enough to truly recall the tune.

Roberta RAEBNC

Mike I've already commented on part of this above. I received the letter from the DisCon committee with genuine regret: I had been seriously looking forward to a worldcon in DC. I've never been there. By the way, did you see in the USA Weekend's edition of May 29 that among the "Best Fests" listed were the Experimental Aircraft Association's week-long airshow in Oshkosh, WI and the World Science Fiction Convention scheduled for Boston.

Abby Welcome to our madhouse. Your reminiscence of Lunacon reminds me of an OKon a couple of years back whereat the fire alarms went off about 10 minutes before the huckster room was to close for the day on Saturday. Not quite as disruptive as 3 a.m., but sufficiently exciting in itself. Turned out a mundane kid out shopping with his mom in the attached Mall had pulled a fire alarm handle out of boredom....

THANK GHU THIS APP IS NOT  
TOO COMPULSIVE ABOUT

MAIL:

LATE FLASH: 6-7-89

RECEIVED A COPY OF THE  
REINCARNATED TPFNEN.  
GLAD TO SEE PAUL BACK  
IN PRINT.



composed by Mike Stein, P. O. Box 10420, Arlington, VA 22210 (703)241-2927  
CompuServe: 71131,2043

A busy three months. I did indeed go to Switzerland in May, where I brought back two liters of Tullamore Dew from the Zurich airport duty-free shop. In June I spent two weeks in Morocco, visiting a very dear friend who works for the State Department. I encountered no problems over my religious persuasion, though then again I didn't go around announcing it on every streetcorner (no more than I do here). I'll spare you all the travelogue in a (probably futile) effort to keep this under five pages.

On the return from Switzerland, I flew straight to Nashville. Friday night some friends and I went contradancing. The next morning we drove to Lexington, KY for the wedding of Cync Spear, a mutual friend. I found myself pressed into service to sing Kathy Mar's Velveteen during the service. Robin Nakkula (winner of the lyrics division of the Thor Filksearch concert) was supposed to come down and sing it, but due to the loss of her job she did not make it. Fortunately, I had prepared it well enough (as mentioned in the previous issue, I sang it at an open mike) that I escaped Frank Hayes disease.

The moonlight ceremony (it was scheduled for 9 PM, and delayed half an hour due to problems with the sound system) was largely stolen from the pagan handfasting ritual. I don't know what the relatives thought, but I found it to be one of the most beautiful weddings I've ever seen. Cync looked stunning in her wedding gown; she had a train that required a locomotive. After the service, held outside at a hotel/resort, we repaired to one of the ballrooms for a buffet dinner and dancing.

Renee Alper, the filker I mentioned last issue who broke her neck in an auto accident, was there. She's been having a very rough time, it seems. She's still in a halo, the bones in her neck are not fusing, and she's often in physical pain. She's very lonely, and though she danced around the subject it was evident that she had some sort of relationship which had gone sour. I sat with her during the dinner while she poured out her soul to Tom Billings (one of my friends from Nashville) and me. This was much too direct and raw for me to give advice and comfort. I didn't know quite what to say - I said very little - but I knew that the most important thing was just to be there and hold her arm (literally). It was like holding a live wire.

Still, it worked. For what must have been the first time in a long time, she had real human contact, people who were willing and able to deal with her without turning away in horror (she was in a wheelchair before the accident; her arthritis is psoriatic, meaning that she also has the flaking skin). Renee is very New Ageish. I would not be surprised if she feels that Tom and I channeled energy into her from ourselves. Me, I would explain what happened as internally-generated, the result of having the emotional uplift of the reassurance that there are people who care about her. But however it happened, from sitting and complaining that she had very little energy and could scarcely keep sitting upright, she actually took her wheelchair out on the dance floor with Mirri, her helper dog. I wish I could say that I took her out there, but the truth of the matter is that I was just a bit wobbly myself after riding out the gale of her emotions.

Sunday morning I flew back to DC. The one-way ticket from Lexington cost \$212. The round-trip flight to Zurich cost \$471. Go figure.

There I was, innocently checking my mail, when what should appear but the hard system reset issue of *Philk Fee-Nom-Ee-Non*. I'd heard of the 'zine, but never actually seen one, and the word was that Paul Willett had gafiated. Well, it seems that he had been working even more than I was last fall, but has started publishing again. Now I know what I had been missing. Issue 57 is now out, and looks pretty slick indeed. I sent him a filk for the next issue. Unless Margaret Middleton has become inspired by Paul's example and is just about to produce another *Kantele*, I shall ask her to return an article I submitted several eons ago (on the subject of parody writing) so I can send it to Paul. (My copy was lost in a job change; it was on a DEC word-processing system I no longer have access to. I suppose I could reproduce it if I had to.)

In between stints as galley slave, in the con suite, I got a little filking in at Disclave. Crystal Hagel asked me if I was interested in being on a filk panel or two at Noreascon (I was). Someone asked me for a copy of my filk book, which I provided - though if too many people start asking for it, I may be forced to charge for supplies, at least. Then again, someone suggested that people may actually be willing to pay for a book of my stuff, especially if I provide sheet music along with it. Gee, I could become a dozenaire. I picked up a couple of Nancy Janda pieces in the art show, an amethyst and wire tree for myself plus an etched glass candy dish as a gift for a friend. I got to talk with her in the con suite kitchen for a while; she's pretty nice. I didn't have the heart to tell her that I think she should forget the 2-D stuff and concentrate on the 3-D - it's much better.

In June, the Arlington Symphony did a pops concert. The staging was so horrendous I gave up playing in order to concentrate on managing things. I'm glad I did - there were dozens of little details to keep track of, and I had to dash on and off stage quickly to clear a mike stand off the dance area which the emcee had forgotten to move although I had asked him to. I'm so glad I decided to give up stage managing. We were supposed to have a pops concert in July, but it was rained out; we'll attempt to make it up on the third of August.

Unicon treated the filkers as poor relations; we were stuck next to the film room. Harold Feld was there (the guy in the yarmulke; I shoulda known). (Hey, Harold, about that trombone case at the Clam Chowder concert on Saturday - wasn't that considered carrying money on Shabbos? ;-) ) The Friday night filk was nothing to write home about, but the Saturday night session was pretty lively, especially after I decided to open up a fifth of Tully. (It didn't survive the night.)

The Clams ended their farewell victory tour with a Sunday afternoon concert. (For those of you who haven't run across the group in person or on tape, they're five wonderful musicians who love to harmonize. They do a mixture of old sea chanteys, Eric Bogle, and anything else that strikes their sick and perverted fancy. In other words, filkers like us.) They sang for two hours, until their voices gave out.

I am currently working on a secret project which will be unveiled at Noreascon. All I can say about it at this time is that you will want to be there.

\* \* \* \* \*

## COUNTERPOINT

John Boardman - I think the fourth line of the last verse of The Universe Song should have "minute" instead of "second." I take exception to your characterization of conservatism. The tactics of some of its adherents should not be confused with or used to discredit the fundamental philosophy any more than the actions of the Weather Underground bombers should be confused with or used to discredit antiwar politics. Intolerance is certainly not limited to conservatives. I recently stumbled across an exchange between two groups of lesbians over the political correctness of sadomasochism in which the anti group indicated that it intended to disrupt the pro group and otherwise try to drive them away from the Michigan Womyn's Music Festival. Apparently they were only refraining from violence because they felt it would be welcomed by the S&M crowd, not because they had any philosophical qualms about using violence to impose their moral judgements. Yet I'll bet that not one of them voted for George Bush. And I realized after I made my correction to you last issue that you were probably right after all - I think Ollie did try suicide, but long before the Iranamok scandal - sometime in the '70s.

I Abra Cinii - Your copy of the Adweek column on the care of ice cream reminded me of the safety warnings I got with a ladder and a lawnmower I purchased recently. They included things I would have thought so obvious than anyone who didn't know them should be institutionalized anyway. (E.g., "Don't put your hands under the lawnmower housing when the mower is running.")

\* \* \* \* \*

Something a little more ambitious in the filk department. The story on which it is based is not just unpublished, but unwritten. Who knows, someday I may get ambitious enough to write it. I haven't performed it yet; I haven't had enough practice time on the diminished chords.

## Frozen Dreams

Words and music copyright 1989 by Michael P. Stein

a G e a  
The silver coffins, one by one, were opened long ago,

'Til only yours was left in icy sleep.

F bdim7 C F  
A desperate woman facing death from illness none could name

Surrounding life and home into one's own life and home.

Surrendering life and hope into our keep  
bdim C G  
Until the day would come to wake from frozen dreams

until the day would come to wake from frozen sleep.

And be reborn into the world beyond the glass.

But has that world forgotten all about you? No, it hasn't.

But has that world forgotten all about your need?

For you know more than five hundred years have passed.

As Keeper of the Frozen Lives, I watch you through the glass,  
A beauty that no frost could ever fade.

I dreamed of what your life was like, so many years ago,  
And asked if you could love me, and I prayed  
That you were not forever lost in frozen dreams  
And that you'd meet me in this world beyond the glass,  
The world would not forget, and answer to your need,  
Even though more than five hundred years have passed.

For sixty years I watched you sleep while waiting for the day  
They'd find the cure and call you back from death.  
And now that time has come at last to bring your limbs to warmth  
A minute more, your breasts will rise with breath.  
What did your eyes observe while locked in frozen dreams?  
Did you ever see my face beyond the glass?  
What will you think when you first see this tired old man?  
Will you realize five hundred years have passed?

And as they wheeled you out the door, you turned your face to mine,  
And asked if I'm someone you ever knew.  
I sadly shook my head, and then they took you down the hall.  
I watched until you disappeared from view  
As still and silent as though lost in frozen dreams  
Did you really see my face beyond the glass?  
But now you're gone without an answer to my need  
And I realize my purpose here has passed.

The Keeper of the Frozen Lives has no lives left to keep.  
I turn and see the door that's open wide.  
The silver coffin beckons, whisp'ring promises of peace.  
I set the switch and seal myself inside.  
Until the day they find a cure for frozen dreams  
I will lie in icy sleep behind the glass  
But there will never be an answer to my need  
Even though five hundred million years go past.

\* \* \* \* \*

Regarding the two latest hits from the Supremes, in the Webster case I see no cause for either the hysteria expressed by Blackmun and the pro-choice movement or the jubilation on the part of the right to life movement. O'Connor's opinion was based on narrow technical grounds. I get the sense that the Roe trimester scheme will fall - as it should, for it was naked judicial legislation - but that what we may get is the Missouri standard, abortions permitted pre-viability and subject to state control post-viability. (This would correspond to a merger of the first two trimesters of Roe, with the beginning of the third trimester moved back a couple of weeks.) The line of viability is a line which the court is entitled to draw on equal-protection grounds (i.e., at what point the fetus achieves independent rights), the other two major possibilities being birth and conception.

On the flag case, all I can say is that now I have a reason for opposing Bork. That should have been a 9-0 decision. Those who personally villify the justices for their decisions should note that Scalia, who was the strongest in his condemnation of Roe, also voted for free speech in the flag case.

# SINGSPIEL

43rd Stanza, APA-Filk #43 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 E. 18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / July 7;18, 1989

Clam Chowder kicked off their Final Victory Tour at Balticon; **Disclave** was Stop 2. I didn't get to filksinging, but I did meet Mike Stein at the concert.

I did get to some of the filking at **Empiricon**. Roberta performed "City of New Orleans" and her Quantum Leap song. Charlie Asbornsen's guitar seemed nonstop.

At the NYUSFS July 4 SI Ferry Ride, Abby wrenched an amazing number of songs' lyrics into "John Barleycorn is Dead", incl "Green Hills of Earth", "Banned from Argo", "Clementine", "Hooray for Captain Spaulding" (with M. Glasser on guitar).

And the recent Supreme Court decision has inspired believers in freedom of expression to salute "The Char-Spangled Banner".

& ----- **THE MELODY LINGERS** : Comments on APA-Filk #42 ----- &

**SINGSPIEL 42:** In New Pogo, Albert has completed his All-American Jingle:

From the malls of Califor-nee-a	America, America,
To the stores of Poughkipp-see,	Come spend thy green money!
Buy them boxes, bangles, bau-aubles,	It's for thy good, like motherhood,
The whole crass menager-ree!	Apple pie an' (a word rhyming with money to be named later)!

**ANAKREON/John Boardman:** Pigpen Mallomar appears no doubt in Downwind Station. // ct Cover> The "Happy Birthday to You" tune was copyrighted by the Hills after it was used in a Broadway musical. Western Union also had to drop it from its singing telegrams' repertoire. // ct me> Fawn Brodie's suppositions about Jefferson & Sally Hemmings have been strongly challenged in recent years. // ct Feld> Some claim instead that "Hush-a-Bye, Baby" was written by a Mayflower Pilgrim who saw Indian squaws hang cradles from branches. If so, that would make it the first poem written on American soil. // When I visited my grandmother in the nursing home, I used to pass the Ebbets Field Apartments. Ira Stoller (a member of Lunarians) was living in LA when the Dodgers left Brooklyn and even he felt angry at them! // Buffy, that is not the way to put an end to war. And given the non-sentences North et al. have received so far, Secord need have no fears. // Webeer & Joseph, nice physics song. A line in the Einstein verse is illegible; is it "(inertial frames!)"? // As "Yankee Doodle" was written ca. 1758 as an insult to the Colonials, the "original" would not have included any reference to Washington, though the satiric verse you cite is in keeping with its spirit. // Re "Exodus Rap", a recent Night Court episode had a gag about rappin' Chasidim. Meanwhile, an Atlanta teacher has written/recorded "RUN GNP" (pun on "RUN DMC"), a rap song for teaching economics. (There are those who refer to it as rap "music".) // "The Universe Song" was run through APA-Filk #18 by Glasser & Dan Lieberman. (By the way, tsk tsk; the speed of light is 12 million miles/MINUTE.) // Mike Agranoff, it's possible to be concerned about the environment without being a Luddite; technology is the solution, not the enemy. // I got an appreciation for folk music from my sister & father. I never heard those verses to "This Land is Your Land". // Indeed, millions of times more deaths have been incited by people waving Bibles than by rock singers. // Mark Russell did a filksong on "cold fusion": "Our scientific goals are ... energy, electricity and, most of all, publicity ... releasing neutrons and government funds ... The big question behind all of the jokes - / Did they have fusion or is it a hoax? / Well, if they blew up Salt Lake City, then we'd know."

Now when resources get scarce  
Or demand increases  
The price of goods rise,  
It rarely decreases.  
People's tastes change  
And so do I.  
If I want to stay in business  
I'd better comply.

**JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow:** Lunacon is at the Westchester Marriott; and other than the Dealers Room & Art Show heads, the Committee loves it. // No, you saw several of MY friends in Bimbos of the Death Sun; it's a hatchet-job on fandom in general (everyone's a misfit, either a student sponging off parents or working at a menial job) and on specific APA-Slobbovians.

**DC AL FINE/Mike Stein:** Arthur Hlavaty refers to the chain as "Sure-Rotten".

**FIRE AND ICE/I Abra Cinii:** Fire alarms are as much a Lunacon tradition as GOHs from Ireland. I'll be at Noreascon. See a few of you there. *Ab*



# ANAKREON

#43, APA-Filk Mailing #43

1 August 1989

## RONALD LAUDER'S CAMPAIGN SONG

by David E. Schwartz

(Tune: "Giovinezza")

(Ronald Lauder, son of the cosmetics magnate Estee Lauder, is currently running for the Republican nomination for Mayor of New York City on a hard-out "law-and-order" platform. "The inspiration for this," its author explains, "happened late on a Tuesday night about a month and a half ago, when I saw a campaign ad...on TV that stated 'Ronald Lauder will make the subways run on time.' The tune is that of the Italian Fascist anthem.)

You want a Mayor for this city  
Who'll fix it up nice and pretty  
Koch got us in this mess  
Which I will soon address  
I'm the man to cure our ills  
All the rest are just cheap chills -  
cures frenetic,  
Not cosmetic  
And politically correct!

(verse) Ronald Lauder! Ronald Lauder!  
He'll make our subways run on time!  
Ronald Lauder! Ronald Lauder!  
Keeps them clean and free from grime!  
Ronald Lauder! Ronald Lauder!  
Let's all go backward in time!  
Ronald Lauder! Ronald Lauder!  
Other candidates are just slime!

(spoken) "I state, and I authorize you  
to repeat it, that I would never  
dispossess a homeless person  
without wearing my

\*\*\*\*\* cosmetics."

(Cries of "Lau-der! Lau-der!")

Forget the other candidates -  
They are all second-rate!  
Giuliani's just a wimp  
Koch has an ego like a blimp  
Dinkins just cannot win  
To vote for them is a sin  
Vote for me  
And you'll see  
How great New York can be!

(verse) Ronald Lauder! Ronald Lauder!  
He'll make our subways run on time!  
Ronald Lauder! Ronald Lauder!  
Keeps them clean and free from grime!  
Ronald Lauder! Ronald Lauder!  
He's the man just for our time!  
Ronald Lauder! Ronald Lauder!  
Other candidates are just slime!

At this late date it may not be recalled that Benito Mussolini's Fascist Party got to rule Italy by promising to bring to an end the succession of Jimmy Carter-like prime ministers and, among other things, "make the trains run on time". "Giovinezza" ("Youth") was the anthem of his party. Dave reports that he never saw this commercial again, "and presumably it was pulled as soon as someone with a little seichel\* realized what they had said." Also, "the statement in the middle is a parody of an actual endorsement made by Mussolini in the mid-1930s for Perugina chocolates."

Dave also observes that "it's odd that the songs of dictatorships tend to be really catchy, like 'Giovinezza', the 'Horst Wessel Lied', and the 'Internationale'." Well, a lot of hymns are rousers, and religion is an essentially authoritarian thing.

\* - "Native good sense, common sense, judgment." - Leo Rosten, The Joys of Yiddish

## GDTTING CAUGHT UP

ANAKREON is a quarterly amateur publication on filksongs and filksinging. It is published by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, NY 11226-5302, and circulates through APA-Filk, an amateur press association devoted to this hobby. ANAKREON also goes to all people who receive my science-fiction and fantasy fanzine DAGON.

APA-Filk is collated on the first day of each February, May, August, and November. Its copy count is 60, and the large number of non-contributing subscribers is invited to join those who do send in contributions and new filksongs. The copy count for APA-Filk is 60. The deadline for the 44th Mailing is Thursday 1 November 1989.

If you would like to get APA-Filk, send me \$5 or \$10, and I'll send you your copies, billing you for postage and the (25¢) envelope. I will keep you posted on the state of your balance in "The Ministry of Finance".

In case you were wondering, filksinging is satirical or otherwise imitative verses, often based on a theme from science-fiction or fantasy, and sometimes but not always written to already existing tunes. APA-Filk was founded by Robert B. Lipton in 1979. Other filksinging apas exist, and information about some of them appears under the heading "Graceless Notes".

The next issue of ANAKREON, which will be a part of the 44th Mailing, will be the annual collection of verses of the Neo-Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion". (Oh, you know - Thor, Odhin, Zeus, Varuna, Mama Legba, Ishtar, Manitou, and all like that.) If you have created or collected any verses, send them along to me by the middle of October, and I'll include them. In the eleven collections of "That Real Old-Time Religion" I have thus far collected 635 verses.

APA-Filk #42 cover (Blackman): As with many of Mark's covers for APA-Filk and APA-Q, several themes. The 200th anniversary of President Washington's first inauguration mixed with the fact that the number "42" has a peculiar place in Douglas Adams's four-book trilogy which began with The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy. A major character in that trilogy, or tetralogy, or teratology, was the Galactic President, Zaphod Beeblebrox, who had two heads, three arms, and no ethics.

(I found this unrealistic. Who could believe a novel in which the President turns out to be the biggest crook of all?)

The cover of this 43rd Mailing is contributed by Margaret Middleton, to whom thanks. It is, I believe, her first APA-Filk cover. I will pledge myself to the cover for the 44th Mailing if no one else sends one in.

Singspiel #42 (Blackman): Well, I am reliably informed that Salman Rushdie was seen in a supermarket in Leeds.

Since Albert tried to write a new "national jingle" in the Doyle-Sterneky version of Pogo, this story line has got mixed up with the attempt of American conservatives to make vexillolatry\* the state religion. Albert wrapped himself up in the flag, and then stepped on it and stumbled, and finally set it afire with his segar. The other characters react with horror.

Incidentally, where is all this dangerous flag-burning going on? Prior to the Supreme Court decision, which defended it as an expression of freedom of speech, there was none of it around here. Yet, to judge from the protests against this decision, somewhere in the country there must be hundreds of such incidents.

Since the decision, of course, everyone seeking a little notoriety has been doing it. Here in New York City one group burned a flag as a protest against the Supreme Court's decision severely restricting the right to an abortion, and another did so to call attention to the plight of the homeless. People are even burning the flag in contradictory causes. In another city, a pro-censorship group burned the flag in protest against the First Amendment, which protects books that they want banned. And, tomorrow night, some people here in New York City are planning to burn the flag in protest against the censorship of various art exhibits by the National Endowment of the Arts, and of the plans of conservative politicians to write this censorship into law.

\* - Flag worship.

There was more than "Japanomania" in Great Britain prior to World War I. The two island nations had a cooperative military plan to fight against Russia. There was another such plan, apparently called "Operation Orange" or "Operation Red-Orange", for an Anglo-Japanese military campaign against the United States of America! (It was long a belief in Great Britain that their allies in one war would be their enemies in the next.) Taking into account that possibility that Canada might throw in its lot with the US in such an eventuality, the Anglo-Japanese alliance would hit us at the "undefended border" - at the east and west ends of the USA-Canadian boundary.

Public opinion in this country favored Japan in the Russo-Japanese War. This was seen as the valiant little guy against the big bully. The fact that many Americans had escaped oppression by the Russian Empire also helped. One of the martyrs of the Zionist movement was Yosef Trumpeldor, who lost an arm in the Russian war against Japan, and his life in a skirmish with the Arabs in 1920.

Jersey Flats #19 (Rogow): I also suffer from "Frank Hayes Disease" sometimes. You at least have a good singing voice that can fake it convincingly.

The Tarrytown Sheraton's hypersensitive smoke alarm has become well-known to fandom by now, and has even worked its way into a few filksongs. See, for example, Abbie's contribution in APA-Filk #42.

Bimbos of the Death Sun got adverse reviews from many fan, including myself. It was raked over the coals in APA-Q at the time it first appeared.

D. C. al Fine #3 (Stein): "Defects in scansion, rhyme, or grammar" are not limited to filk, unfortunately. Check every thing in the line of poetry or song, from rock videos to singing commercials, and you'll find the same defects. Poetry long ago abandoned these things, and became merely an exercise in funny typesetting.

D. C. al Fine #4 (Stein): Sheraton seems to be taking the same high-handed approach towards fans and fan conventions that Pick did a quarter century ago. Lunacon, by the way, is moving out of the Tarrytown Sheraton after next year.

The Japanese may be able to get by with computer kana for a while, but eventually they will have to switch to romaji. Japanese can be represented quite well in the Latin alphabet, and will as soon as the objections of the country's educational elite can be overcome. They like to show off their knowledge of the intricacies of all four of the scripts in which it is possible to write Japanese.

Oliver North did attempt suicide, sometime in 1974. He was prancing around the base where he was then stationed, buck-naked and holding a pistol to his head, and shouting: "I'm no good! I'm no good!" This moment of accurate self-analysis is said to have been due to a marital crisis, compounded by the defeat of the U. S. invasion of Vietnam. Rolling Stone dug up the story about the time that Lieutenant Criminal North first started making headlines.

So now there are such things as "legitimate military operations": The things you learn reading APA-Filk!

DAGON #42 (me): Of the three people whose copies of APA-Filk were coming back in the mail, I have received correct addresses for two, and have sent them the issues they have coming. See The Ministry of Finance for further information. I still do not have an up-to-date address for Mistie Joyce. Can any reader help me?

Pete Rose's troubles continue; I heard "Gamblin' Rose" today, sung on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" show.

I of all people should have known better, but I misprinted a line in Eric Idle's "The Universe Song". The speed of light, given in the fourth line of the last verse, should have been: "Twelve million miles a minute, and that's the fastest speed there is." "Bugger all", sometimes written as "fuck all", "sweet fuck-all", or "sweet Fanny Adams", is a British colloquialism meaning "not one bit".

This is  
O At  
P Great  
E Intervals  
R This  
A Appears  
T To  
I Inflame  
O Optic  
N Nerves

# 1559

\* - Red for Great Britain and yellow for Japan make orange. Get it? Want it?

## THE MINISTRY OF FINANCE

For information about how to get APA-Filk mailed to you, see "Getting Caught Up" on p. 2. As of 31 July 1989, account balances are:

Greg Baker	\$2.89	Lois Mangan	\$7.89	Karen Shaub	\$3.87
Mark Blackman	\$12.06	Matthew Marcus	\$2.49	Glenn Simser	\$7.47
Bob Fitch	\$2.75	Margaret Middleton	\$4.96	Beverly Slayton	\$15.59
Harold Groot	\$7.43	Doreen Miller	\$8.36	Mike Stein	\$9.36
Jordin Karel	\$7.00	Michael Rubin	8¢	Peter Thiesen	\$2.62
Cheryl Lloyd	\$11.42	Kathy Sands	78¢	Sol Weber	\$2.24
J. Spencer Love	\$9.32	Pete Seeger	\$7.15		

Bob Lipton, Jeff Poretsky, Lana Raymond, and Jane Sibley all receive APA-Filk on their APA-Q accounts, which include APA-Filk costs. They will have APA-Filk #43 mailed to them on 12 August along with that date's APA-Q #302. Mike Agranoff and Roberta Rogow get APA-Filk in trade. The blank to the right gives the present state of your APA-Filk account, including costs for mailing out this present 43rd Mailing.

APA-Filk accounts which fall into arrears will be suspended, as will accounts for people who may have a positive balance but whose copies come back in the mail. Currently suspended accounts are:

Harry Andruschak	-14¢	Mistie Joyce	\$6.86	Elliot K. Shorter	-\$2.00
Cally & Barry		Leslie Lyons	-49¢	Nick Simicich	-69¢
Childs-Helton	-74¢	Randall McDougall	-65¢	Dana Snow	-15¢
Sean Cleary	-38¢	Dena Mussaf	-87¢	Rick Weiss	-\$1.25
Gerald Collins	-10¢	Deridre & Jim		Paul Willett	-\$1.23
Paul Doerr	-50¢	Rittenhouse	-15¢		

## GRACELESS NOTES

Owing to a number of complications including a faculty seminar and jury duty (now both over) and broken glasses (now replaced), I have not had time to prepare as large an issue of ANAKREON as I would have liked. Nor is the postmark on the envelope that carries this likely to be 1, or even 2, August.

I would once again like to plea for more contributions. Four times a year does not seem to me to be so rapid that it drains dry the creative efforts of all APA-Filk members. Only Roberta, Mike, Mark, Abby, and I were in the last Mailing for a total of 25 pages plus front and back covers. Unless something comes racing breathlessly in between now and the time I can finally get this Mailing collated, it will consist of some 17 or 19 pages from Margaret, Mike, Mark, and me, plus Margaret's cover and her frank-through from Deborah Leonard.

I would suggest a minimum activity requirement, or extending APA-Filk's schedule from quarterly to twice a year, except that I know both would be counter-productive. The first would just drive out a lot of members, and the second would make the deadlines so far apart that people would lose interest.

Surely people send money for APA-Filk because they are interested in filking. If this is the case, then surely you must either encounter interesting filksongs at conventions and other fan meetings, or write them yourselves. If you don't have printing facilities, then get your APA-Filk 'zines photoduplicated locally and mail them to me, or send me the original and enough money that I can get 60 copies photoduplicated locally.

\*

Recently the letter column of the New York Times was host to a debate about that well-known song from the American Revolution, Yankee Doodle. An editorial on 4 July 1989 referred the song to a nonsense song from the 16th-century Netherlands, a harvest song which began "Yanker dudel doodle down." But numerous other derivations are claimed for the word "Yankee" - some Dutch, some English, and some Indian. In his en-

joyable but less than reliable Knickerbocker's History of New York (1809), Washington Irving claims that the name Yanokie was applied to the English settlers of New England by the local Indians, and means "silent men" - in derision of the Yankee habit of continually talking, by contrast to the sober, stolid Dutch burghers of Nieuw Amsterdam, whose virtues Irving praises. Robert Graves addressed the derivation of this term in his 1940 historical novel Sergeant Lamb's America, which told the story of the American Revolution as seen by a sergeant in His Majesty's Ninth Regiment of Foot. It was his contention that yankee is Cherokee for 'coward'. Other derogatory derivations from various Indian languages are preferred by English and Dutch writers.

Partridge's Origins claims that "Yankee" is an Indian version of either "English" or "Anglais", but says that "the most likely explanation is that Yankee represents Dutch Janke, diminutive of Jan, John, as applied by the...New Amsterdam Dutch to the English settlers in Connecticut." This derivation is the one I prefer, because these two groups between them comprise my father's ancestry in its entirety, and it refers to my own given name.

"Macaroni" is harder to trace. We can dismiss Anna Russell's amusing story about the Italian named Giuseppe Aroni who settled in Scotland, learned to play the bagpipes, and changed his name to MacAroni. Partridge derives it from an obsolete Italian verb maccare, meaning to break or to break up. This gives us not only the well-known pasta dish, and the macaroon, but also a verse form which has grown obsolete in our monophonic age: the macaronic. The 16th-century song given to the right is of this form, with alternate lines in two different languages - Latin and German in this case. This verse is a chapter heading in Pierre Louys's 1901 novel Les Aventures du Roi Pausole. The English translation is edited by Mitchell S. Buck.

Sometime in the 18th century (though the Times editorial backdates it to the days of Oliver Cromwell) "macaroni" became a slang term in England, denoting what we would call a "fop". (A Times letter of 11 July, written by John S. Major, locates precisely in 1764 the introduction of the term, "when a group of rich young aristocrats established a 'macaroni table'" at a club in London.) Soon "macaroni" became a derogatory term teasing rich young men who preferred the latest Italian fashions and fads to the bluff ways of Old England.

"Anyone who thought he could qualify as 'macaroni' because of a single frather" the Times editorial said, "had to be an unsophisticated nerd."\* English troops in America teased the unsophisticated colonists in this sense; "it is said that in 1775, when British Col. Hugh Percy led a column of troops from Boston to Lexington and Concord, his men marched to the brisk cadence of Yankee Doodle," Major informs us.

As victors in that campaign, Americans annexed the song as a spoil of victory even as they harried Col. Percy's troops back to Boston; "American bands played it to speed the British on their way after Yorktown," and one British general is said to have exclaimed, "I hope that I shall never hear that tune again!" Major quotes the fashion historian Valerie Steele as saying of the macaronies: "Elaborate and modish male dress was perceived as symptomatic of corruption, tyranny and foreign attitudes, while plainer male dress was heralded as an emblem of liberty, parliamentary democracy, enterprise, virtue, manliness, and patriotism." Compare the Italian suits of the present-day yuppies.

\*

In other parts of the country you may need some explanations about the song that Dave Schwartz has on p. 1. Edward I. Koch, the incumbent Mayor and of course a Democrat, is running for an unprecedented fourth term, but is trailing David Dinkins, the

\* - No, I don't know the derivation of the word 'nerd'.

most liberal candidate in the Democratic primary race, and the first African-American with a serious chance to become Mayor. Rudolf Giuliani is an ex-Democrat who is making a strong race for the Republican nomination and is conceded a good chance of beating Koch, but a poor one of beating Dinkins. Giuliani's only opposition for the Republican nomination is the aforesaid Ronald Lauder. Both Giuliani and Lauder have already been nominated by minor parties, so they will be on the November ballot no matter what happens in the September primary.

One interesting point in this campaign, and in the one for Governor of New Jersey, is that most of the candidates are vying with one another as to who can make the strongest guarantee that abortion will continue to be legally available. Even qualified opposition to freedom of choice in this matter is regarded as a liability to a candidate, and all Republicans except Lauder are desperately trying to play down anti-abortion statements they may have made in the past.

It has recently developed that one of New York City's homeless is a woman who was once a member of Grace Kelly's wedding party. Don McLean, author of "American Pie", tells her story in a song "Lady in Waiting", which will be on an album entitled Head Room, and scheduled for publication next year. According to Newsday of 31 July 1989, the "American Pie" for our time goes:

Lady in waiting, Your disposition is gone  
 Lady in pain, Ready to crash.  
 Lady in tatters, Once you were blueblood,  
 Lady insane. Once you were high,  
 Lost your position Gone is the jet set,  
 Lost all your cash, Gone is the guy,  
 \*  
 Gone is the satin,  
 Gone is the silk,  
 Here in Manhattan,  
 On soup, bread and milk.

As reported in the last ANAKREON, the United Methodist Church, that home of censors and fuzzymentalists, has adopted a new hymnal. This made the front page of the second section of the New York Times on 20 June. "The hymnal goes to great lengths to purge language that is regarded as excluding women or that is pejorative to racial minorities and people with handicaps." However, the original intent of the editors to exclude militaristic references was overruled by 11,000 letters of protest from the stalwart war-lovers who apparently make up this sect. "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" stay in.

Donald Wildmon, one of this country's foremost advocates of censorship, is a minister of the United Methodist Church.

\*

Two Newsday comic strips, Pogo and Kudzu, have been filking lately. In his contribution to this Mailing, Mark Blackman gives the words to Albert's "National Jingle". And, in Pogo of 16 June, Churchy La Femme, the professional turtle, dedicates this song to "Boss Appleseed, the bard":

#### Little Black Pinkies

I live in a little pink house  
 All done in pink bric-a-brac,  
 Drive my baby downtown  
 In my big pink Cadillac,  
 Always keep 'er parked at night  
 In a pink tin shed out back,  
 Think I'm gonna paint my fence  
 In chain-link pink shellac!

So, baby, don't drop the bomb,  
 Mama, hold 'em back!  
 Oh, baby,  
 Ever' pink thing I own  
 Is gonna turn to black!  
 My pinkies turn to black,  
 My pinkies turnin' black,  
 My pinkies, they is black.

Through much of May and June, the action in Kudzu consisted of Kudzu's nerdish friend Nasal T. Lardbottom trying to be as hip as the black kids at the high school they attend. Disappointed at being elected "Whitest White Boy", Nasal goes in for singing the following blues, accompanying himself on what looks like a toy plastic ukulele:

Well, I was born a stone Caucasian, mama -

And I'll likely die Caucasian, too.

Well, I was born just plain light bread, mama -

Velveeta cheese and skim milk, too!

I got no soul or flair or hang-time, baby -

Heavy gravity and no one to sue!

I got them uptight, lily-white, branded, blanded,

soulless, homogenized, pitiful white boy blues!

(8 June 1989) Maurice, a black youth who is himself a good hand with a guitar, looks on and says, "Dig it!" Kudzu replies, "I been there!"

\*

"Olivia, founded in 1973 as a record company run by women for women, has outlasted four U. S. presidents, a vinyl shortage, the disco boom, and the rise of the anti-feminist religious right," reports Bruce Eder in Newsday of 25 November 1988. "Most sales have been to women seeking alternatives to the messages of mainstream rock and pop music."

Cris Williamson and Holly Near are cited as leaders in "women's music", though some 15% of Olivia's audiences are now made up of men. The firm is now working its way out of the "ghetto" of "women's music".

\*

The December 1988 Esquire had as its cover story "a rather skeptical appraisal of Bruce Springsteen." (D. D. Guttenplan, Newsday, 7 December 1988) An Esquire editor said that it produced "the largest outpouring of anger I've seen in my five years here," including a bomb scare, a spate of cancellations, and a dead fish which arrived by messenger.

This story did not say whether the protesters were hard-ass veterans who defended the views of "Born in the U. S. A.", or Pacifists who thought that this song and Springsteen's other output glorify mindless patriotism.

\*

"Is there an inherent leftist political bias, or even component, to rock-and-roll?" John Rockwell asks in the New York Times of 11 December 1988. This is a peculiar question, reminiscent of the discussion a decade ago in the letter columns of the Young Americans for Freedom monthly New Guard as to whether or not punk rock is an essentially conservative art form. Rockwell asserts that at first glance rock, as the music of "outsiders", may be anti-establishment and leftist. However, "it has been embraced by nearly every constituency, from neo-Nazi skinheads and their headbanging speed metal to the Christian right to Reagan-style populists to leftists of every stripe."

Stephen Holden addressed this topic in a front-page article in the Arts & Leisure section of the Times of 21 May 1989. "Corruption, poverty, crack, racial tension, AIDS and a poisonous environment: the plagues of the late 80's and the nightmarish anxieties they arouse are darkening popular music... The latest cycle of what used to be called protest music is strikingly different from that of 25 years ago. There are no implied happy endings blowing in the wind."

John Cougar Mellencamp's "Big Daddy" and "J. M.'s Question" are called into evidence to support this belief - though we have to remember that Mellencamp is about the same age, and comes from the same state, as J. Danforth Quayle III. British pop "is a wellspring of anti-Thatcher sentiment." After citing a depressingly large number of cynical, disillusioned performers and their output, Holden concludes with a verse from Lou Reed's "Busload of Faith", "which contrasted 60's idealism with 80's disillusionment."

\*

Paul Willett is back in touch with APA-Filk; his new address is Philk Press, PO Box 4128, Panorama City, CA 91412. He there publishes The Philk Fee-Nom-EE-Non ("PFEN" for short), a monthly 'zine which is \$2 a copy or \$33 a year. He sent along the June and July issues, which include "Cold Fusion" (to the tune of "Front Row Cowboy"), "Print a Filkzine" to the tune of "Little Boxes", "Indy, We Hardly Knew Ya", and Harold Feld's "Stupid Giant Animals".

In addition to songs, Paul tells what he's been doing in a gafiation of nearly three years, and reviews recent filk tapes. He also reviews recent filking conventions, which seem to be much more common in the west than in the east, and gives information on upcoming filkfests. He recommends "The Secular Humanist Revival Meeting", which is \$8.95 from Revival, PO Box 18184, Greensboro, NC 27419-8184. On this tape, Brother Orson preaches the gospel of independence, intelligence, and freedom from religious government. Brother Orson is the science fiction writer Orson Scott Card. This tape is for you "if you believe that evolution should be a required course while 'creation science' should be exposed for the lying bullshit that it is" and "if you believe that people like Falwell and Swaggart should have their finances audited and their brains examined for signs of life."

Paul reports on other filksong 'zines. The Filking Times publishes no songs, but lots of information about filkfests, and reviews of cons and tapes. It is \$5 for 12 issues or .50¢ for a sample copy from Rick Weiss, 13261 Donegal Dr., Garden Grove, CA 92644. The bi-monthly Metafilk is \$5 per year from Charles Asbornsen, 2026 E. 55th St., Brooklyn, NY 11234; it is trying to open up lines of communication among filkers and to get filksongs nominated in the Hugo category of "Other Forms".

(continued on p. 10)

## THE BALLAD OF 20 LROAD STREET

by Gregory A. Baker, to the tune of "The Ballad of Amelia Earhart", written in the obvious belief that 1987's "Black Monday" was just a tune-up for the real crash

There's a broker by the window, he's a-lookin' at the sky,  
The air-conditioned windows cannot break,  
If you can't jump out the window when your fortune's gone good-bye,  
Why be a broker, then, for goodness sake?

CHORUS: There's a beautiful, beautiful condo  
Far away, in a land that is fair  
Happy landings to you, investment broker,  
It seems your wealth's no longer there!

It was on a Monday morning when the awful news was heard  
The prices started winding down that path  
That the markets usually go through, when they play with paper wealth,  
And brokers wound up taking quite a bath!

Then the Japanese and Hong Kong markets shivered and they shook  
The London panic caused Big Ben to shake

Now you have heard my story of this awful tragedy  
And pray the Dow resumes its former heights,  
But though other markets pass through Dow two tho  
We'll ne'er forget these horrifying sights!

**CHORUS:** Yo en el mundo ya no soy nadie, pero  
Yo soy el diablo, soy el diablo, yo soy el diablo

## FUSION GIRL

by, and copyright 1989 by, William S. Higgins\*  
 reprinted from Philip M. Cohen's Quoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquoiquo #38, APA-Q #300

I was working in the Fusion Lab late one night  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 But I couldn't get my magnetic bottle to light  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 Yeah, it was late at night  
 Yeah, it wouldn't light  
 Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron.

Then I met a chemist who was kinda pretty  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 She told me that she came from Salt Lake City  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 Yeah, she was kinda pretty  
 Yeah, she came from Salt Lake City  
 Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron.

She said, "You're wasting your time, and you're bound to lose"  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 "Let me introduce you to a new way to fuse"  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 Yeah, you're bound to lose  
 Yeah, a new way to fuse  
 Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron.

What Fermi did under a stadium  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 She did with heavy water and palladium  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 Yeah, he had a stadium  
 Yeah, she had palladium  
 Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron.

We made it together and it was so sweet  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 Just a few neutrons and a whole lotta heat  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron  
 Yeah, it was so sweet  
 Yeah, a lotta heat  
 Yeah, she was a Fusion Girl  
 Da deuteron, ron, ron, da deuteron ron.

Historians of the future will note the University of Utah's groundless claims of "cold" nuclear fusion as a minor farce of our time. Before it vanishes completely, here is a filk about it to a 1950s style of popular music.

\* - No, this is not the William Higgins who was allegedly murdered by somebody or other in Beirut, and over whom we are being asked to fight a war.

## WE GOT THE GREAT DEPRESSION BACK AGAIN

by Gregory A. Baker

(Tune: "We've Got Franklin D. Roosevelt Back Again")

Here's my walking papers, no more money capers,  
 Back to selling apples once again  
 Since the market fell on Monday there can never be a fun day  
 We have got the Great Depression round the bend!

CHORUS: It's back again! (back again!) It's back again! (back again!)  
 Yes we've got the Great Depression back again!  
 Since the market fell October things are falling down all over  
 Yes, we've got a Great Depression round the bend!

No B.M.W.s, I'm sad to say, 'cause the money dried and blew away  
 Now we're standing in the pouring rain  
 Brother, can you spare a buck? I'm a broker who's out of luck  
 Yes, we've got a Great Depression back again!

CHORUS:

I'll take a sip of Thunderbird and hope these words will soon be heard  
 Round this land from Oregon to Maine  
 We built a house on paper and cards,  
 When the wind came they fell hard,  
 Yes, we've got the Great Depression back again!

CHORUS:

## GRACELESS NOTES (continued from p. 8)

Philly Philk Phlash is a quarterly published by Carol Kabakjian, #3, 17 Lewis Ave., East Lansdowne, PA 19050. Subscriptions are \$2.75 per copy, or \$10 for four issues. Back issues are available on all these 'zines except for Metafilk, which is just now getting started.

Lee Gold, California's equivalent to Roberta Rogow, publishes Xenofilkia every month. Cost is 5¢ per page with a \$1 maximum, plus postage, and contributions of filk-songs are solicited from the readers. Lee's address is 3965 Alla Rd., Los Angeles, CA 90066. The February issue, #3, has yet another filk of "The Twa Corbies", called "Three Pterodactyls". ("The female of the species is meaner. Look out for Tyrannosaurus regina.") The Rev. Jack Harness has "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" to the tune of "Tzena Tzena", which dates him and me, while Bob Kanefsky has "Jessica's Song" of love to her husband Roger and Duane Elms has "Ghost Puppies in the Sky". There is also a Tarzan filk to the tune of "Horsetamer's Daughter"; it is of course "Jungle Tamer's Son."

And, of course, if you order a single copy of Paul's PFNEN add 75¢ for postage.

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Sis Cunningham, a folk/filksinger from wayback, is soliciting donations to get a collection of her songs printed. There'll be 35 songs, with illustrations. Her songs run from depression era Oklahoma to today. A sample includes "Junk Bond Genius" and "Ballad of the Oreo" ("The leveraged buy-out song"). A donation of \$20 or more gets you an autographed complimentary copy. Send donations to Sis Cunningham, c/o Friesen, Apt. 4-D, 215 W. 98th St., New York, NY 10025.